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THE CROWD WAITING TO SEE NOTABILITIES ENTER THE NEW BAILEY.

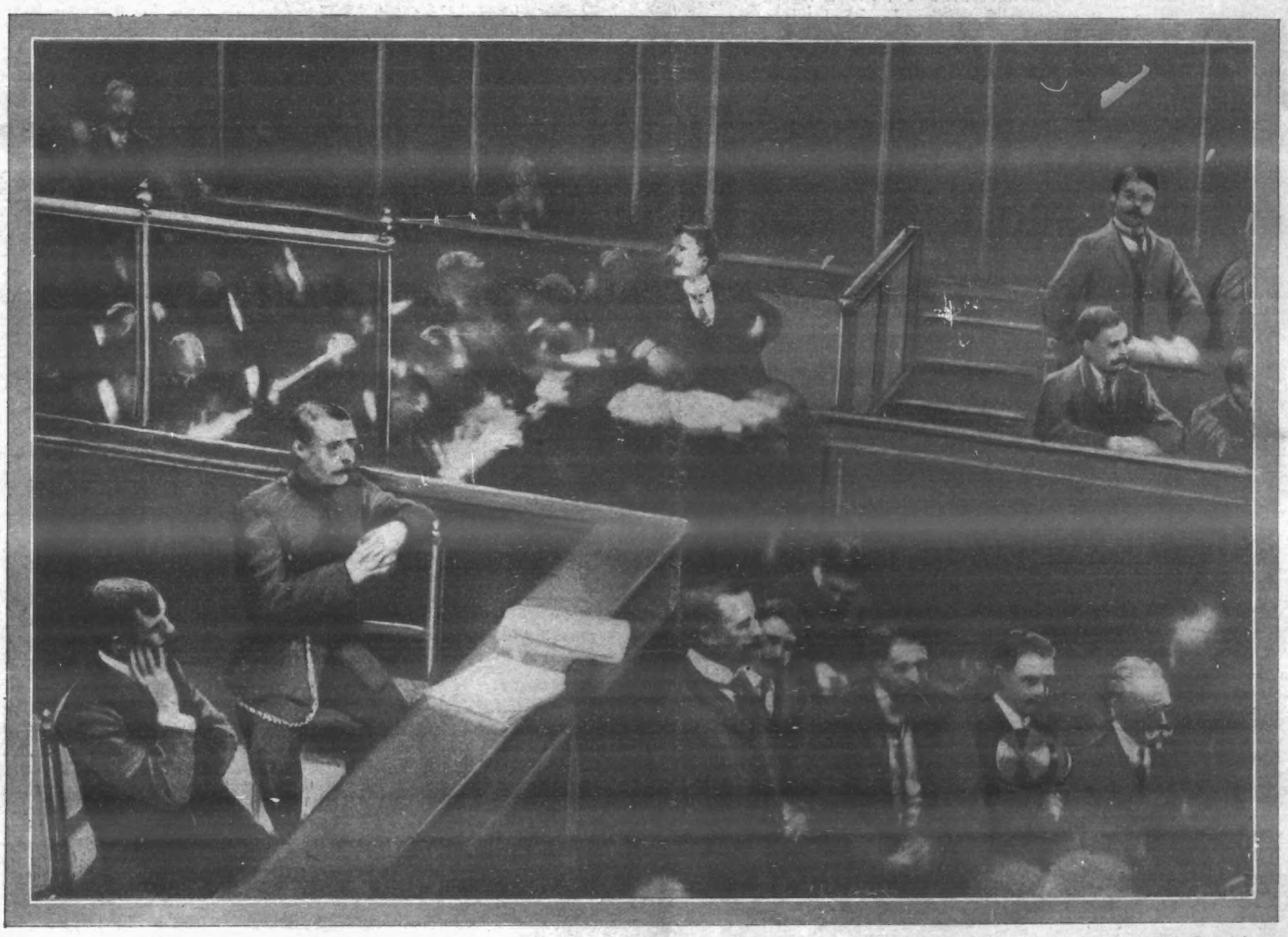

Photo. supplied by Topical Agency.

THE TRIAL OF ROBERT WOOD AT THE NEW BAILEY.

Throughout every day of the trial No. 1 Court of the New Bailey has been filled to overflowing with notable people anxious to see the sordid drama of the Camden Town Murder played out. It is perhaps natural that such a man as George R. Sims, who has made criminology a life study, should be present, but it is more difficult to reconcile the presence of such well-known men as Seymour Hicks, G. P. Huntley, and others whose mission in life is to amuse. Our photograph is a unique snapshot showing Wood in the dock.

IN OLDEN TIMES.

"Beef and plum pudding" were, according to the old legend, the fare on which Englishmen were reared, and on which the battles of Old England were fought and won. The world has long known of the virtue lurking in a baron of beef, and we now have the King's physician recalling the fact that there is great virtue also in currants, a virtue which our forefathers were not slow to take advantage of.

There is far more sustenance in currants than in double the quantity of lean beef. And yet, because currants are so cheap that they are within the reach of the very poorest, we overlook their wonderful health-giving qualities.

This is the time of year for the more solid variety of puddings. There are endless ways in which these puddings can be made with currants. Your grocer will supply you free with an interesting little booklet, entitled "Currants—A Few Tasty Recipes," which gives numerous delightful recipes for puddings and cakes, and tells how the invaluable little currant may be used to the best advantage.

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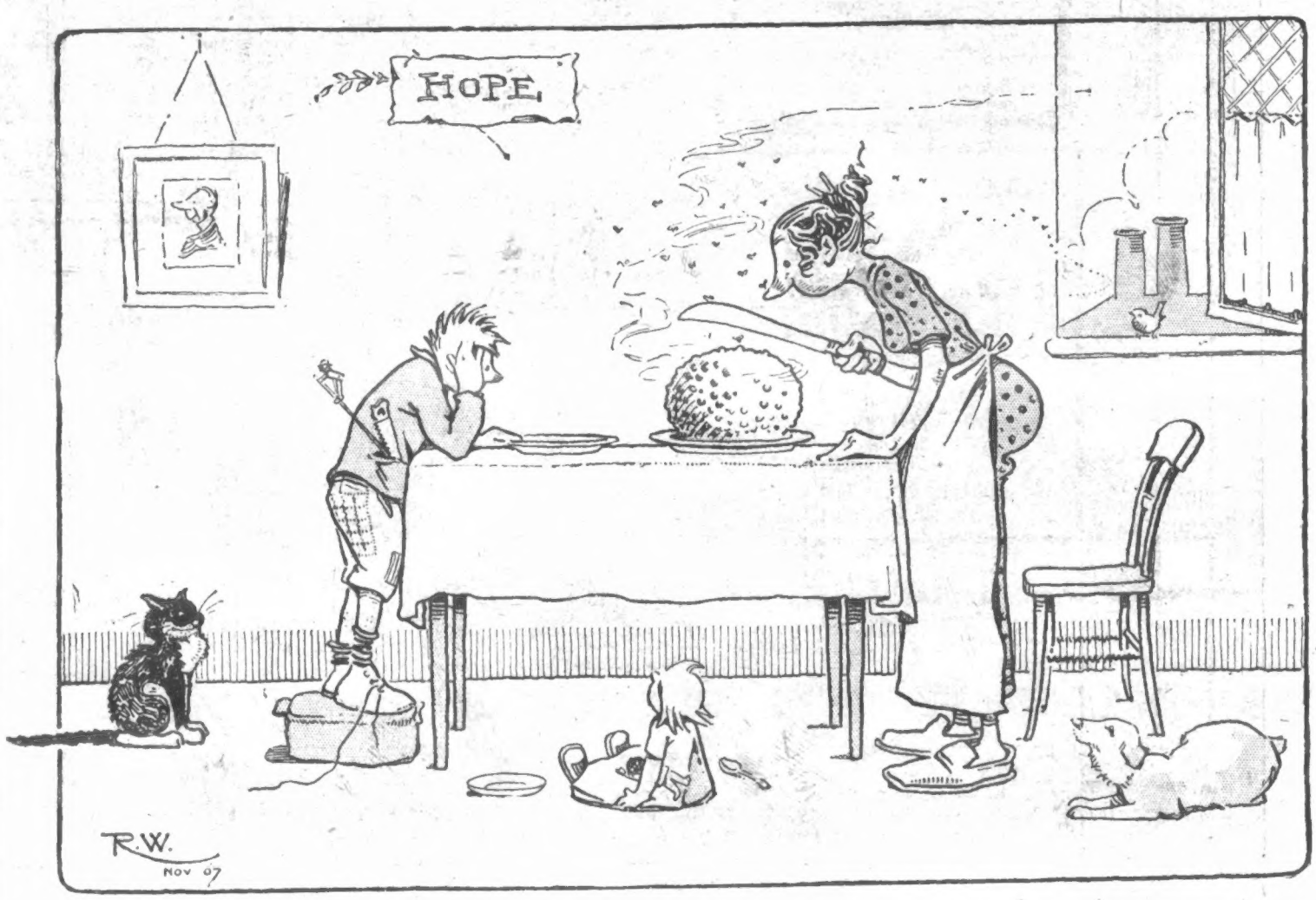
FROM ROBERT WOOD, ON REMAND, BRIXTON PRISON.

Humorous Sketches by the Young Artist who has been upon his Trial, charged with the Murder of Emily Dimmock, at Camden Town.

① "JUST ONE MORE QUESTION, MR GIANT," SAID THE WAG "COULD YOU BLOW MY FINGER DOWN?"

② "OH, FOOLISH WAG—TO STAND BEHIND THAT FINGER!"



As is well known, Robert Wood is by profession an artist, and during his detention in Brixton Prison he has passed many of the irksome hours by the exercise of his art. Strangely enough, despite the awful strain under which he has naturally been suffering, these sketches have been almost entirely of a humorous character, as will be seen from those, published exclusively in the "P.I.P."

GIRLS' LAND OF PROMISE.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S OPINION ON EMIGRATION.

THE Bishop of London spoke on behalf of the British Women's Emigration Society the other afternoon, at the house of Mr. and Lady Evelyn Mason in Grosvenor Square.

The first point which he raised was the necessity for emigration on a larger scale to save the many lives which are squandered in this country.

"It is impossible to keep Canada an enthusiastic British colony unless we wake up," the Bishop said. "Two hundred and fifty thousand Americans poured from the United States into Canada during the last year, and, much as I love our American cousins, I want to see more of our English brothers and sisters there."

The Bishop next attacked the problem of domestic service, and spoke of the Dominion as a "land of promise" for all working girls. "It is practically impossible to get a servant for love or money in Canada," he said. "I could find places for two hundred girls tomorrow, if we had enough money to send them out.

"We are apt also to forget that Canada is an industrial country, and her vast industries are developing every year. One town in Ontario writes to implore us to send out respectable needlewomen, who can earn 20s. to 32s. a week. Factories are also willing to take scores of girls, and in many cases, when the girls are not in a position to pay their fares, the manufacturers are ready to lend the necessary money."

A USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

The giving of presents at Christmas time is often a source of some little worry. The difficulty is to know what will be acceptable and prove of actual and lasting use to the recipient. There is a good deal of character brought out in selecting a gift for a friend, and the gifts one cherishes most are those that we feel come as a result of a thoughtful consideration of our tastes and needs. Have you ever thought what a delightful present in every way, for a lady or gentleman, is a Fountain Pen? Have a "Swan" engraved with the desired initials and it forms an ever-present reminder of the giver. We mention the "Swan" Fountain Pen because then there is no doubt of its quality; and besides, it is made in so many styles that there is no question of your being able to purchase just what you want. For a lady the Chatelaine, or silver pin attachment to the dress, is invaluable, and the clip-pocket fastening for a gentleman renders it available for use at any moment. A postcard to the manufacturers, Mabie, Todd and Co., 79 and 80, High Holborn, London, W.C., for a catalogue will bring you a copy by the next post, and you are sure to find something that will please.

LOST IN ALPS FOR 15 DAYS.

FOUR Swiss chamois hunters, descending the Santis, a mountain 8215 feet in height, in the Canton of Appenzell, last week, met a starved, delirious man, walking in circles in the snow.

At Weissbad the man was recognised as a German tourist, who had left the village in spite of every warning, fifteen days previously to climb the Santis.

Under medical care he recovered, and explained that he had lost his way on the mountain.

Readers when writing Advertisers should mention "P. I. P."

"TELL THEM I AM STILL ALIVE!"

A PEN-PICTURE OF THE CAMDEN TOWN MURDER TRIAL.

"I AM still alive!"

The words were spoken by Robert Wood, whose trial for the murder of Emily Dimmock was the sensation of the latter half of last week and the first days of this.

It was a striking remark to come from a man on trial for his life. Even more striking, however, was his manner when he uttered those words. It was just when the Court had risen for the luncheon interval on Saturday at a convenient place in the evidence of Miss Ruby Young, one of the principal witnesses for the prosecution. The Judge had risen from his seat and withdrawn to his private room, the Sheriffs, in their scarlet robes edged with fur, had left their comfortable armchairs on the Bench, the counsel engaged in the case and the numerous barristers who had been watching the proceedings were filing slowly out of Court with the celebrities and the members of the general public whom curiosity had drawn to the new Old Bailey, when Robert Wood rose from the chair in the dock in which he had been seated all the morning, with a warder on each side of him, preparatory to being taken to the cells below. At that moment Mr. W. J. Moss, his colleague in the designing room of the Sand Blast Glass Works, advanced to the front of the dock, and, reaching up his hand, said, "Well, how are you?"

The prisoner leaned over the front of the dock, and a bright, happy smile came into his eyes and overspread his face as he grasped the proffered hand, and said in the cheeriest of cheery voices, "Remember me to all my friends, and tell them I am still alive!" The two hands remained gripped for a moment, the four eyes exchanged a glance of confidence, and the next minute the dock was empty as the prisoner with his two attendant warders went down the narrow staircase leading out of the Court-room.

As he sat in the dock, with a few sheets of paper on the ledge in front of him, and a pencil held between his first and second finger ready for use and frequently used for making rapid notes, which he wrote on paper placed on his knee, the prisoner seemed the coolest man in the Court. When the Counsel engaged got into heated argument, or discussed points of procedure with the learned Judge, he still sat quietly, in his characteristic attitude, with the thumb and first finger of his right hand against his right cheek, and listened, apparently with no emotion, to what was going on around him, and, to all appearance, unconscious of the fact that hundreds of eyes were staring at him from the gallery and from the well of the Court.

Among the spectators were such well-known men as Mr. George R. Sims, one of the greatest journalistic experts in criminology; Mr. H. B. Irving, who was a barrister before he became an actor, and, as his books prove, still takes a keen interest in criminal cases; Mr. A. W. Pinero, the first dramatist of the day; and actors like Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. G. P. Huntley, and Mr. Norman Forbes. They were all there, watching the impassive young man, whose skill as an artist his sketches proclaim, though the examples we are able to publish of his work done in Brixton Gaol while he has been under remand, scarcely show that work at its best, for his sketches in colour have a daintiness and a precision, as well as a feeling for harmony, which black-and-white work is unable to convey.

This signal ability may, perhaps, one day find expression if the positions are reversed, and Robert Wood, instead of sitting in the prisoner's dock, may find himself accommodated with a seat among the distinguished spectators in the Court, as, at the invitation of the Editor of one of the leading papers, he plies his artistic gifts in making sketches of the scene about him which must, by now, have seared itself in indelible lines on his memory.

But as he sat there, while the prosecution piled up the evidence against him, the large, square Court, lighted from above by means of a great circular

Photo. Park.

MISS RUBY YOUNG,
Who has played one of the most important parts in the trial.

window of ground glass, through which the grey light filtered, seemed to vanish. Vanished, too, was the flood of electric light over the Judge's bench, symbolic of the light of Truth it is his mission to throw into the darkest corners of crime; vanished the Judge in his scarlet robes and lawn sleeves, the sheriffs in their scarlet and fur robes, the barristers in their gowns and wigs, the crowd of men and women, among which one marvelled to see a minister of the Gospel, and the mind began to dwell on the prisoner in his relations with his family in general and with his father in particular.

Most men, happily, have good sons, but assuredly no father ever had a better son than Robert Wood. His relations with his family have been ideal. Indeed, those who know him best have been heard to say that those relations reached such a high level of excellence that it would be difficult to find any incident which stood out above the others. When he was a little boy of only three, his mother died, and for a time his father was father and mother to him. It was, no doubt, at that time that the tender feeling began between them, growing with the lad's growth and strengthening with his strength, so that even when Mr. Wood senior married again it in no way interfered with the bond between him and his youngest son.

As Robert Wood grew up he became more and more the pride of his father's life, as indeed he became the apple of the eye of each member of the family. When he became a man, and went out into the world to earn his own living, he allowed nothing to come between him and those marks of attention, affection, and respect which mean so much to a father when offered by a deeply loved son. As soon as his work was over Robert Wood always made a point of going home to see how his father was. Even if his brother asked him to go to see him straight from the office, Robert Wood still went home to exchange a word with his father before he went to his brother's house. In the days, too, when he was going out with Miss Ruby Young, if she met him as he left the works, he would walk to his father's house with her, and she would wait for him while he ran in to take a cup of tea with his father, after which he would take her out to tea.

On the Monday before the murder Mr Wood senior became ill, and was incapacitated for eleven weeks. During the whole of that time Robert Wood, attentive as he had always been, seemed to expend himself, even more in his attentions to his father. That, however, was nothing unusual, for whenever his father had been ill before it had always been his habit to be even more solicitous than usual, and to take every care that he wanted for nothing. If he himself went out in the evening he never returned home without going to his father's room to have a little chat and to ask whether he could do anything for him before going to bed.

It is easy, therefore, to understand that Mr. Marshall Hall, commenting upon Miss Young's desire that her name should be kept out of the newspapers lest it might hurt the mother whom she loved, should have been moved to emotion as he asked whether it was not possible that the prisoner might have desired to hide his relations with the unfortunate, dead woman from his father especially as the latter was ill at the time. To spare that father mental suffering, in addition to the physical pain he was enduring, was indeed, the desire of all the members of his family among whom the gentle, lovable, sympathetic and generous nature of Robert Wood has always been a source of joy and a happiness whose lustre nothing can dim. Those qualities were never more strikingly shown than in the early days of the spring, when his stepmother died and the tender solicitude of the son for the father with whom he had always lived, was given full play. Whatever his relations with the rest of the world may have been, one fact stands out conspicuously: that to his father Robert Wood has always been an ideal son.

P.I.P. PLAYGOER

BY THE PROMPTER.

ONE of the most interesting Christmas "experiments" in the theatrical world this year promises to be the children's "Miss Hook of Holland," the first performance of which takes place on the afternoon of Dec. 19. I happened to be at the rehearsal the other afternoon, and was greatly impressed by the talent which some of the youngsters show. The following is the complete cast, and if I am not very much mistaken, it includes several "stars" of the future—

Mr. Hook	Miss Ida Valli
Captain Paap ...	Miss Clarence Batchelor
Lieut. De Coop ...	Miss Pearl Aufrere
Bandm'st'r Van Vuyt	Miss Ethel Lawson
Ludwig Schnapps ..	Miss Decima Brooke
An Old Policeman	Miss Winnie Browne
Hans Maas	Master Albert Keats
Hendrick Draek ...	Master Philip Phillips
Van Eck	Master Archie McCraig
Simon Slinks	The Call Boy
Freda Voos	Miss Winnie Bryan
Clara Voos	Miss Mabel Lawson
Gretchen	Miss Gertie Murray
Old Market Woman	Miss Bertha Roberts
Greta	Miss Dora Gardiner
Mina	Miss Peggy Bethel
Sally	Miss Maggie Jarvis

All lovers of juvenile talent should "go early and stay late" at the children's "Miss Hook of Holland."

***

I hear a whisper that before very long we shall find Mr. Charles Hawtrey presiding over a certain very famous and very successful West End theatre. More of this anon.

***

Mr. George Edwardes seems to have a plentiful supply of musical comedies in stock at the present time, and when a successor is required for "The Merry Widow" at Daly's Theatre, I understand that a play by Mr. Franz Lehar will fill the bill. Other musical comedies that Mr. Edwardes has in the background include one by Dr. Fals, entitled "The Dollar Princess," and two by Oscar Strauss. By the way, surely it is rather a scathing commentary on the talent of musical comedy artists when managers find the greatest difficulty in securing a leading lady. Still, there it is—Mr. Edwardes was literally at his wits' end to find a "Merry Widow" for the Provinces. Extraordinary, isn't it?

***

The Grand Old Man of Song, Sir Charles Santley, with whom I was privileged to have a chat a few days ago, told me an interesting story which illustrates most graphically the serious manner in which children regard the theatre. "It was when I was playing Valentine," Sir Charles remarked, "that my eldest daughter was taken by her mother to see one of the morning performances—her first visit to a theatre. She was told of the duel scene, and it was particularly impressed upon her that it was only in play, in case it might startle her. All went well until Sims Reeves and I began to use our swords. Then the little mouth began to pucker up, and the lips to tremble, but she kept on repeating to herself, 'It 's only in fun,' until at last I received the fatal wound, and fell. This final indignity to 'poor father' was too much for my little daughter's peace of mind. She forthwith burst into a yell, and had to be carried out of the theatre, to which nothing could induce her to return. Indeed, it was only when she saw me seated safely at dinner at home that her tears ceased."

***

From time to time discussions arise in the Press about the so-called "immorality" of French plays. But Mlle. Gaby Deslys, the famous Parisian actress, who has scored such an immense success at the Alhambra, refuses to admit for an instant that French plays are in any way improper. "The fact of the matter is," she said to me a few nights ago, "your English audience while not in reality being shocked, nevertheless feels—because it is the fashion in England—that it ought to pretend to be shocked. Accordingly it does so, and, with uplifted eyebrows and sidelong glances, says in a whisper—'Really, here the playwright seems to have exceeded the limits of decorum.' And, apparently, righteously indignant, it goes home and tells its friends that such and such a piece is altogether too terrible.

"However, the moment it leaves England and sets foot in France that self-same audience seems also to leave behind it that cloak of exaggerated propriety and chilly reserve. For on many occasions I have seen English people applaud performances in France with the greatest enthusiasm, which, had they been in London, they would surely have condemned utterly and completely, both as not being true to life, and as unsavoury and exaggerated." In other words, it seems that Mlle. Gaby Deslys is of the opinion that Mrs. Grundy is a very powerful personality indeed in England. Which is, unfortunately, only too true.

***

Mr. Frank Rendle has made arrangements with the Carl Rosa Opera Company for a short season of Grand Opera in English at Covent Garden. The first performance will take place on Boxing Day at popular prices. Many famous singers have, I understand, been engaged, and the venture should turn out to be a big success.

***

It is more than likely that when the Queen's Theatre opens with musical comedy Mr. Leslie Stuart will be the bright particular star there. I sincerely trust that this rumour—at present nothing has been definitely arranged—will turn out to be true, as Mr. Stuart's music is always tuneful, which is more than can be said for several composers who have been responsible for music the public have been expected to appreciate.

***

In a few days' time "Arms and the Man" will be revived at the Court Theatre. Miss Lillah McCarthy and Mr. Robert Lorraine will be found in the cast.

***

One of the most interesting music-hall turns I have seen for a long time is given by Miss Sanderson, the champion lady fencer of the world, who is now appearing at the Metropolitan. Miss Sanderson tells me she is willing to "put up" two hundred guineas against a similar amount to any lady who wishes to gain the title of Lady Champion. We have had such a dose of wrestling lately that fencing comes as a positive relief, and as Miss Sanderson's offer to present five guineas to any lady who cares to try a bout with her is a very sporting one, I trust that numerous members of the fair sex will try their luck with the foils. And who knows? Perhaps, before long, public interest in fencing will be as great as it has been in wrestling, which, after the recent display given at the Pavilion between Padoubny, the Russian, and Zbysco, the Galician, for the Græco-Roman Championship and the right to meet Hackenschmidt, has dropped to freezing point.

***

Miss Margaret Cooper, who brings the house down at the Palace Theatre at every performance, tells me that last week she had the honour of singing before the King and Prince of Wales at Blankney Hall, Lord and Lady Londesborough's country seat. Miss Cooper is such a clever young lady that she deserves all the success she gets.

***

I understand that the Royalty Theatre has, for the greater part of next year, been taken by Mr. Norman Roe, who will open this season early next month with a play entitled "The Sphinx," by a hitherto unknown writer.

***

Miss Sybil Arundale, who will be the principal girl in "Robinson Crusoe" at the Lyceum has, strange to say, never yet appeared in a London pantomime, although she has several times been engaged for principal parts, and at large salaries, in some of the great provincial productions. Her dainty style of dancing, and her finished method of acting and singing, seem to mark her out specially for such a part as Polly in Messrs. Smith and Carpenter's Christmas show, which includes such a number of very clever people.

***

Everything is in train for the coming Carl Rosa Season of opera in the vernacular at Covent Garden, which commences Dec. 26. The orchestra, which includes many of the Covent Garden players, numbers sixty-five. "Esmeralda"—a very expensive production, by the way—will be given a preliminary performance at Leeds next week; and "Otello" is amongst the season's attractions. Fortunately for those who live in the suburbs, the theatre is reached by Tube from everywhere, and as the entertainment is always over by 11, those hailing from the most distant regions should be home by 11.30. As to the prices of admission, a seat which in the "grand" season costs 15s., can, during the coming season, be reserved for 5s. 6d., while seats in the rest of the house are priced on an equally favourable basis. The reader may be reminded that both "Esmeralda" and "Otello" were produced by the Carl Rosa Company some years ago.

THE REVIVAL OF "PETER PAN."
Miss Pauline Chase as "Peter Pan" at the Duke of York's Theatre.

THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK BY ENGLISHMEN.
One of the most famous feats of the Indian juggler is the rope trick. The juggler throws a rope into the air, which stiffens, and a man climbs up it, and vanishes into space. Our photograph shows Mr. David Devant, of the St. George's Hall, London, performing this trick.

Photos. Bassano.

THE REVIVAL OF "PETER PAN."
Miss Phyllis Embury playing in "Peter Pan" at the Duke of York's Theatre.

MY LIFE IN AUSTRALIA

BY

George H. Druce

(Edited by KENNETH HENDERSON).

IN relating some of the curious customs of the Australian Aborigines I do not lay claim to a very intimate knowledge. Nowadays, one would have to go far up country to study native customs which had not suffered from contact with civilisation, and this I have never had an opportunity of doing. At the best of times the Aboriginal is not very communicative, and so quickly does he accustom himself to new surroundings that it is difficult to form any decided opinion as to his primitive conditions.

I believe all sorts of books have been written with the purpose of tracing the descent of the Aborigine of Australia; but so little material can these historians have had to go upon, that their work at best must be but a series of ingenious conjectures and conclusions based upon existing circumstances. Some peculiarities of language may, perhaps, be worth mentioning, as doubtless they may explain how every tribe has a different dialect, notwithstanding the fact that their territories may be adjacent to one another. On the death of a friend or relative, his name is never again mentioned by the other members of the tribe until the period of mourning has passed, and as their names are generally those of familiar and common objects, it is only natural to suppose that, in coining a new word for this period, the old word would fall into disuse for ever.

Also in many tribes the lover, during the period of courtship, must never look at his intended mother-in-law or utter her name, and has perforce to substitute some other term when referring to her. Some people may trace a resemblance to English customs in this native observance, but, of course, in England the coining of new words suitably to sum up one's opinion of the mother-in-law invariably takes place after, and not before, the marriage ceremony.

Many aboriginal customs which at first sight would appear most unreasonable and absurd, when viewed in connection with the supposition that they were dictated by stern necessity cease to excite surprise or to occasion disgust. It is an undoubted fact that, despite the vast extent of country and the thinness of the population, the natives have long been pressing upon their means of subsistence. It should be remembered that their weapons for the capture of the larger kind of game, such as the Emu and the Kangaroo, were of the most primitive kind, and although they attained a marvellous dexterity in using these weapons, the native's whole time was occupied in finding food for his dependents. Under these circumstances most of the tribes restrict certain foods to women and children. Young men must not eat the flesh of the young kangaroo or the opossum; young girls must not take the young from the pouch of the marsupial, or eat the flesh of the old wallaby. In fact, all their laws relating to food were designated to compel the young and energetic members of the tribes to hunt the food most difficult to capture, and to leave the food most easily procurable to be obtained by those who were incapable of contending with the serious tasks of the chase.

Then, again, their customs relating to marriage probably originated in a strong necessity for repressing the numbers of the tribe and limiting the population. Infanticide was practised, and, also, most girls were given in marriage to older members of the tribe, dooming the young and middle-aged men to remain bachelors unless they could steal a wife from another tribe. But such incidents were rare.

A Mr. Lang, who gave some most interesting lectures on the Aborigines, shortly after we came to Melbourne from the diggings, related some peculiar customs relative to inter-tribal marriage. He said that the idea commonly entertained that the marriage ceremony mainly consists in violently knocking down the women of another tribe and dragging them away was quite a mistake. Even when a black-fellow steals a wife from a neighbouring tribe it is generally a case of an attachment formed at some peaceable meeting of the tribes, which are pretty frequent. This, however, is always discouraged by the counsels of the different tribes as likely to lead to a war between them. But when it does occur that a young man either steals or entices away a young woman from another tribe, he usually has to pass through some ordeal or undergo some punishment in expiation of his offence.

In a case which occurred in the Murray District the father came and claimed his daughter from the tribe of the lover, who positively refused to surrender his bride, so it was arranged that the father and five of her family, or clan, should each throw at him a certain number of spears and boomerangs. The lovers were a remarkably handsome couple; the girl stood within the ring, as usual, awaiting the result with keen anxiety. During the ordeal the lover's shield was broken, upon which, the man who was throwing stopped at once till he was supplied with a fresh shield. Man after man took his turn till every weapon was thrown without inflicting any wound. When this ordeal was over the triumphant lover threw an opossum rug over his bride: she was then his beyond dispute, and was immediately adopted by his tribe, without any offence to herself.

Directly she is his wife, however, the "Lubra," or "Gin," as she is called, becomes a chattel, a mere beast of burden—something to work for him. The Gins do all the labour of the camp: carry the "dilly-bag" (a bag made from the strands of certain vegetables or the sinews of the giant palms woven ingeniously together, and in which they place their food while wandering from camp to camp); she also has to carry the "piccaninny," which, of course, is the baby. This, when very young, is carried in a native cradle, which is made of a long strip of bark, cut in one piece from the tree, in the shape of a small canoe. When the "piccaninny" is born he is rubbed all over with a preparation of clay, made by mixing red gum with a particular kind of soil, which they first burn and then make into a sort of paint resembling red ochre in colour. After being painted with this from head to foot, and without a vestige of clothing, he is laid upon some grass and leaves placed within the cavity of his bark cradle, the edges of which meet at the top, the points being held together by strips of bark, and slung across the mother's shoulders like a swagman "humps his bluey." There he sleeps, cosily and peacefully, throughout the longest and hottest day's march. If hungry for his natural food, the mother simply hitches the native cradle round to her bosom and, without disturbing the child, thus feeds her progeny. If, however, the youngster is older and able to sit in a sling made of the same material as the "dilly-bag," the mother throws her breast over her shoulder to the "piccaninny," and he catches it between his two chubby black fists and so feeds himself in this rather unique fashion, the formation of the breast of the female Aborigine making this quite possible.

The black-fellow has a strict sense of what is regarded as moral law, despite his lack of development in the human race. On the subject of marriage he is monogamous as regards his Lubra, but polygamous as regards himself. He may have many Lubras—as many as he can find food for—but his Lubras must have no lord save himself. Should a married "gin" wander from her allegiance to her husband and attempt to run off with another black-fellow of the tribe, there is no rest or peace for either of them, for they are hunted down by the offended spouse, and the lover is generally speared or done to death by a species of slow torture in the presence of the whole tribe. The "gin" is not so humanely treated, she being ham-strung on one foot, so that she can never again depart from her offended lord, who now no longer wants her, and her life is henceforth that of a slave in the camp, to work and carry for his other faithful "Lubras"; for she bears to her grave the mark of her shame. It is the one brand that the young and often good-looking Lubra (it is generally the pretty girls of the tribe that meet with such a cruel fate) carries like a terrible blight, and remains as a warning to other possible lovers, either from her own or other tribes.

Another peculiar custom of the Aborigines relates to their treatment of the aged members of the tribe. They pursue the doctrine of "the survival of the fittest." When the old people, particularly the old "gins," attain to such an age that they become quite useless in the camp and an encumbrance instead of help, either as cooks or nurses for the tribe, and are incapable of undertaking the long tramps which their nomadic habits and the necessity of following their food supply involves, they are offered the choice of being knocked on the head with a "Nulla-Nulla" or being supplied with a bag of water and as much food as the tribe can spare, and should they choose the latter, are thus left to shift for themselves. This, of course, inevitably means slow starvation, should they prove too decrepit to procure further supplies. Thus, it is readily imagined that they would prefer the more drastic measure of a quick exit from the world, which entitles them to burial according to the rites of their tribe. But that a lonely prospector occasionally stumbles across the skeleton of an aboriginal during his wanderings shows than an occasional one has elected to take his chance of ekeing out an existence in the desolate bush.

The "Corroboree" has been so often described that I am afraid I should weary the reader if I attempted to deal with it here. Besides, it is almost impossible to reproduce in words that weird scene enacted either before or after one of their tribal wars (for there are peace corroborees as well as warlike corroborees), when the wailing sound of their dismal chant, or song, echoes through the lonely bush, or, again, rises to a wild shriek, like a soul in torment. Then the light from the fires round which they perform their frenzied dances, accentuated by the dark forest background, reveals their black and painted forms, which, when seen from a distance, resemble an orgy of animated skeletons.

What may, perhaps, prove more interesting will be how I first came to hear of that which is now termed "The Druce Case"—and the difficulties which had to be overcome before my claim could be presented to any Court for decision.

(To be continued.)

POLITICS ON TOUR · CONSERVATIVE CARAVANS THAT ARE CANVASSING THE COUNTRY.

A novel political scheme has been adopted by the Conservative party. Each of the above caravans has a speaker, an assistant, and an attendant, and they will tour round the suburbs and the country.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor is always glad to consider photographs of topical interest, but does not hold himself responsible for their safe-keeping.

No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

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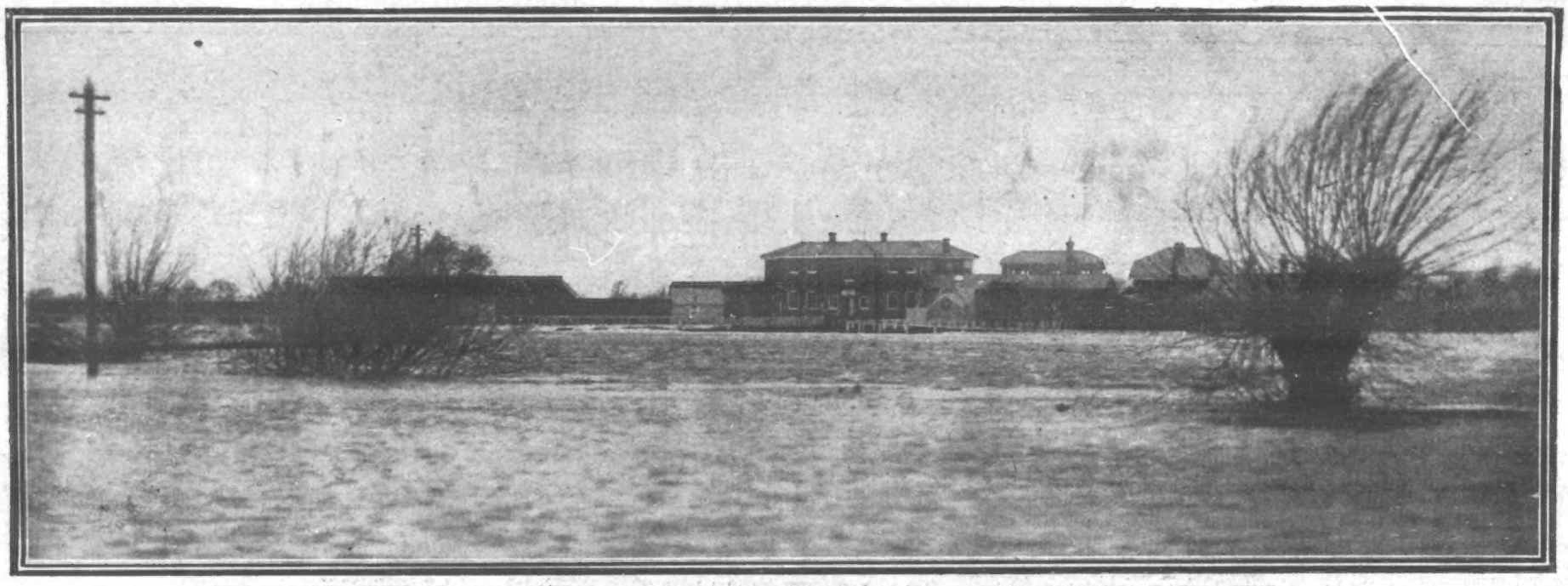
The Penny Illustrated Paper,
172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.



THE FLOODED WINDSOR RACE-COURSE: RATHER AN UGLY WATER-JUMP.

READING DOG SHOW.
Miss E. Ashton Cross's Prize Griffons.

GEORGE GUNN.

READING DOG SHOW.
Mrs. Fielder's Great Danes (first in brace).

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

AS a trial match, the meeting between London and the West of England at Taunton last Saturday was of little value to the English Rugby Union selectors. London won by a goal—kicked by Lapage from a try which he himself gained—to nothing, but it is highly probable that if the game had been played on a firm ground the margin would have favoured the Londoners to a greater extent. Under the terrible weather conditions that prevailed last Saturday, the excellent way in which the London representatives went to work was a surprise, and a great personal triumph for the men engaged, the forwards especially showing up well. After the match the following team was chosen to play for the South against the North: A. E. Wood (Gloucester and Gloucestershire); B. Bennetts (Devon Albion and Cornwall), H. H. Vassall (Oxford University), J. G. G. Birkett (Harlequins and Surrey), D. Lambert (Harlequins and Middlesex), H. J. Sibree (Harlequins and Middlesex), and H. M. Coomes (St. Bart.'s Hospital and Middlesex); T. S. Kelly (London Devonians and Devon), W. Mills (Devon Albion and Devon), R. Dibble (Bridgwater and Somerset), G. D. Roberts (Oxford University and Devon), W. L. Oldham (Coventry and Midland Counties), F. G. V. Hopley, and E. L. Chambers (Blackheath and Kent). The team has not given entire satisfaction, for there are one or two "has beens" among them, but they should hold their own.

Since the 'Varsity match, in which Oxford scored so brilliant a victory, the two great University teams have been on tour. Naturally enough, there has been some relaxation from the strict training which preceded the big match, but that Oxford should lose at Dublin last Saturday was a bit of a surprise, while Cambridge only just defeated the Edinburgh Wanderers.

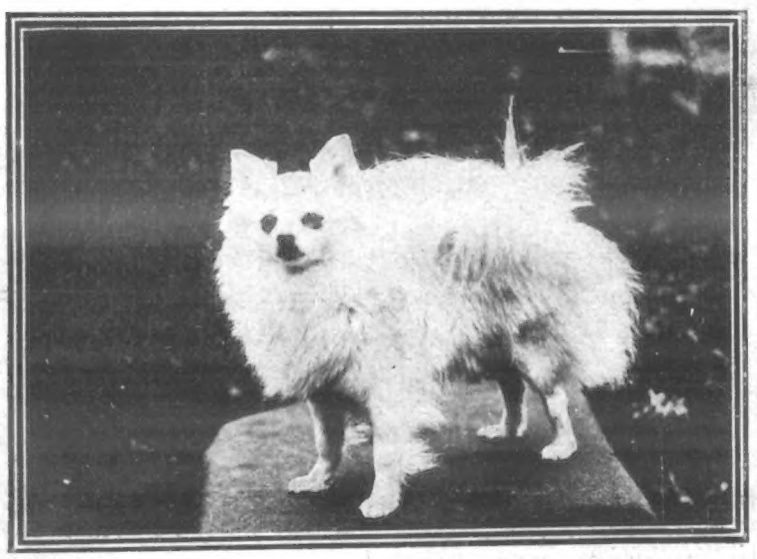
There was some topsy-turvy form in League football last Saturday, but then, the weather was so bad that correct play was rendered impossible. One of the surprises of the day was the splendid victory of Chelsea over Preston North End, and that on the latter's ground at Deepdale. I am informed by one who was present that the Stamford Bridge club fully deserved their win. It was a splendid achievement, and their victory, by four goals to two, enabled the Londoners to jump from second from the bottom to sixth.

Blackburn Rovers had to visit Bristol City at Ashton Gate. The home team were short of Demmery, Marr, and Hamlin, and the Rovers had the same side doing duty that beat Sheffield Wednesday the previous week. It was not a great game, and a draw of two goals resulted. Woolwich Arsenal gave a rather poor exhibition at Plumstead; but there again, the weather spoilt the match, and it was the sort of day on which either side might have gained the points. Their opponents were Birmingham, who played very well, and deserved to draw.

Everton and Sunderland met on the latter's ground. Everton, who were without Settle, gained the victory by two goals to one. Sheffield Wednesday had Bolton Wanderers as visitors at Owlerton, and got the better of the Lancashire side by five goals to two; whilst at Anfield Liverpool received Newcastle United, and found the Novocastrians at the top of their form. The victory was gained by superior football, and was secured by five goals to one.

Aston Villa made a sorry example of Middlesbrough, whom they vanquished by no fewer than six goals to nil. It was a procession from start to finish, the Teesiders never really being in it. Manchester City were at home to Notts Forest, and defeated them by four goals to two. Bury and Sheffield United met at Gigg Lane, and a very close game resulted, the locals only just gaining the victory by three goals to two.

Notts County and Manchester played a draw at Trent Bridge, each side scoring once. In the Second Division Clapton Orient and Wolverhampton



PET DOG SHOW AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL.
Mrs. E. E. Pope's Pomeranian (two first prizes).

FIELDER.

These two well-known players greatly distinguished themselves in the first Australian Test Match, Gunn making 119 runs in the first innings and 74 in the second, and Fielder taking six wickets for 82 runs.

PET DOG SHOW AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL.
Mrs. Saunders' first prize Dachshund.

MIDDLESEX v. HAMPSHIRE.
A run down by Hampshire.

C. A. Glaeser was second, and A. H. L. Knapp third. There was a sealed handicap in connection with the race, and this was won by Glaeser who received 35 sec. start. E. R. Small, 1 min. 20 sec. was second and T. C. Davis, 2 min. 5 sec. third.

The race meeting promoted by the proprietors of *Cycling*, which was held at the Crystal Palace in 1905 and 1906, but which had to be abandoned this season for want of a track suited to the great speed now attained in paced races, is to be revived next year, and the venue will be the Shepherd's Bush Stadium. A provisional date has been fixed, this being May 9, and as a permit has been granted by the National Cyclists, Union, there seems no obstacle to the races taking place on that day, after the formal opening of the grounds by His Majesty the King.

MIDDLESEX v. HAMPSHIRE.
Exciting play near the Middlesex goal.

Wanderers each scored once, and in the match between Fulham and Blackpool, at Craven Cottage, the home team had the better of the encounter by three goals to nil. The winners have made a wonderful recovery from a bad start, and are now third on the list.

There was some extra tall scoring in the Southern League match between Bradford Park Avenue and New Brompton, on the former's ground. The Yorkshire club lead at half-time by five goals to two; but then New Brompton came with a rattle, and, scoring three times, a remarkable match ended in a draw of five goals each. Swindon and Reading had a rare battle on the former's ground, the Berkshire side being defeated by two goals to nil; and Bristol Rovers defeated Luton, at Luton, by a similar score.

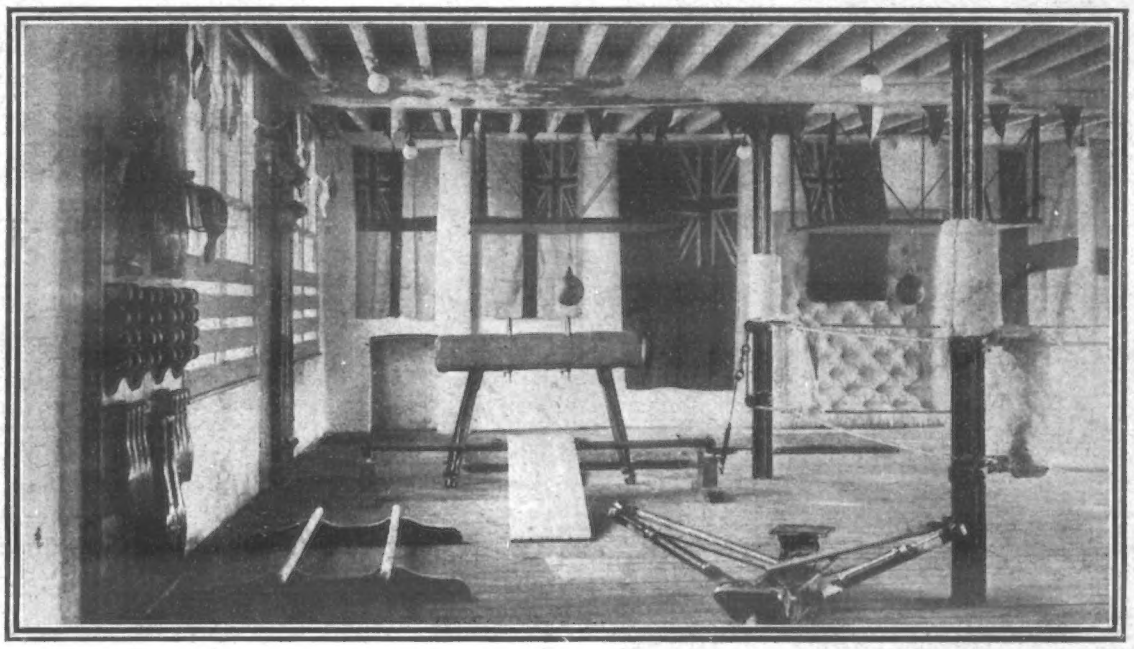
Plymouth Argyle were at home to Southampton, and beat them by two goals to nil, whilst at Tottenham the Hotspur club had the measure of Watford by five goals to nil. Brighton and Hove Albion had a tight fight with Brentford, at Brighton, the home club gaining the victory, the verdict being one goal in Brighton's favour. Portsmouth were two goals too good for Millwall, but West Ham, though playing at Upton Park, could do no better than draw with Northampton. Norwich City were at Park Royal, where they were well beaten by Queen's Park Rangers by three goals to one. The winners are still at the top of the Southern League.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

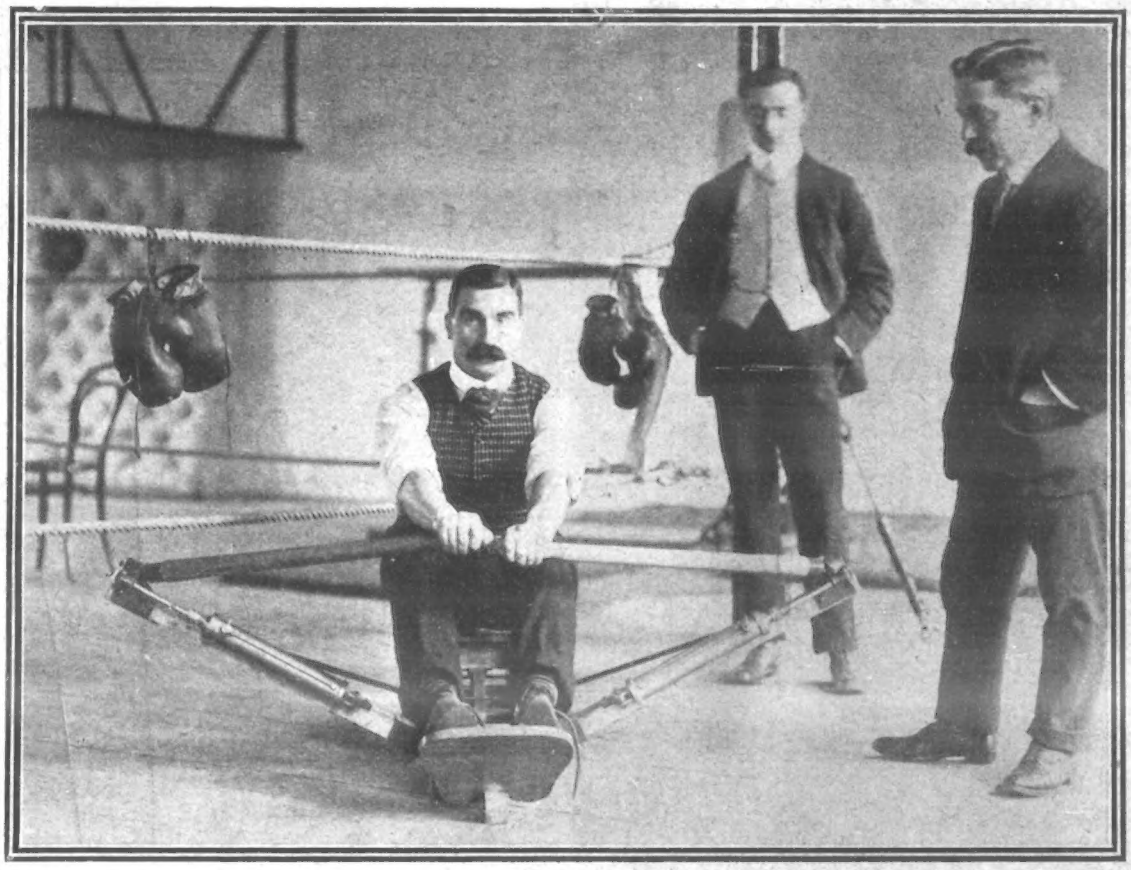
The principal event in cross-country running last Saturday was the annual match between Oxford and Cambridge, the race being run over the seven-and-a-half miles course of the Thames Hare and Hounds at Roehampton. Last year a fresh record for the course was created by the Cantab, F. M. Edwards, who covered the distance in 41 min. 57 sec. However, that time was not nearly approached on the present occasion, for the individual winner could do no better than 45 min. 35 sec.

It was a great race, and Cambridge only just managed to beat their Dark Blue rivals by one point, the scores being 27 to 28. The first man to pass the judges was E. C. Inman, of Selwyn and Caius, and he was followed by J. F. Worsley, (Winchester and Magdalen), A. H. Pearson, (Westminster, and Queens, Cambridge) being third, best. Inman had little to spare when the winning post was reached as he only won by half a dozen yards from Worsley.

The annual contest for the Blackheath Harriers Challenge Cup was decided over the five miles course, starting as usual from the Green Man Hotel, Blackheath Hill. The contest attracted a good entry and 29 of them started. The winner was H. E. J. Southwell, who did 34 min. 23 2-5 sec, and won by 100 yards.



THE NEW GYMNASIUM AT SMITHFIELD MARKET,
Opened last week by the Lord Mayor. A general view of the premises.



BLACKSTAFFE, THE FAMOUS SCULLER (EX-HOLDER OF THE DIAMONDS)
Practising with a land-sculler in the Smithfield Gymnasium

would like to have a share in the happy work.

"The severe weather brings terrible suffering into East-End hunger-bitten families, in which frail little children are often crying for bread. To such, without some outside sympathy, Christmas Day will be, alas! a day of sadness instead of joy. Our large East-End voluntary committee of ladies and gentlemen are willing again to carry out the happy, unsectarian, though arduous, work. The public Christmas dinner distribution to ten thousand destitute and starving poor will take place at Latimer People's Hall, Bridge Street, opposite the People's Palace, on Monday, Dec. 23, at seven o'clock p.m.

"The enclosed annual statement, audited by chartered accountants, will, I think, tell its own tale. The terrible poverty, sorrow, and suffering of our vast district are literally heartrending.

"Fully relying on the kindness of your readers to help us to carry this Christmastide some sunshine into otherwise darkened East-End homes."

FATHER SHOT FOR A RIVAL

A REMARKABLE love tragedy is reported from Tarnov, in Austrian Poland (says the *Express* Vienna correspondent).

Fala, a police sergeant, was passionately in love with a cook named Anna Mikovski, but she rejected his advances, and, owing to his threats, only left the house in company with her father.

The sergeant saw the pair out together, and, taking the father for another lover, stalked them, and brought them down with bullets from his service rifle. He then killed them both with his bayonet.

Witnesses of the crime attempted to seize Fala, who escaped to his house and barricaded himself within. He kept the police at bay for a day, but on the appearance of a company of infantry who had been called to storm the house, he shot himself through the head.

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WOOLWICH ARSENAL v. BIRMINGHAM,
Birmingham get the ball from a throw-in. The game ended in a draw.

TEN THOUSAND CHRISTMAS DINNERS FOR STARVING POOR.

WE have received the following letter from the Rev. John W. Atkinson, President of the East London Mission, Claremont, Cawley Road, London, E.:

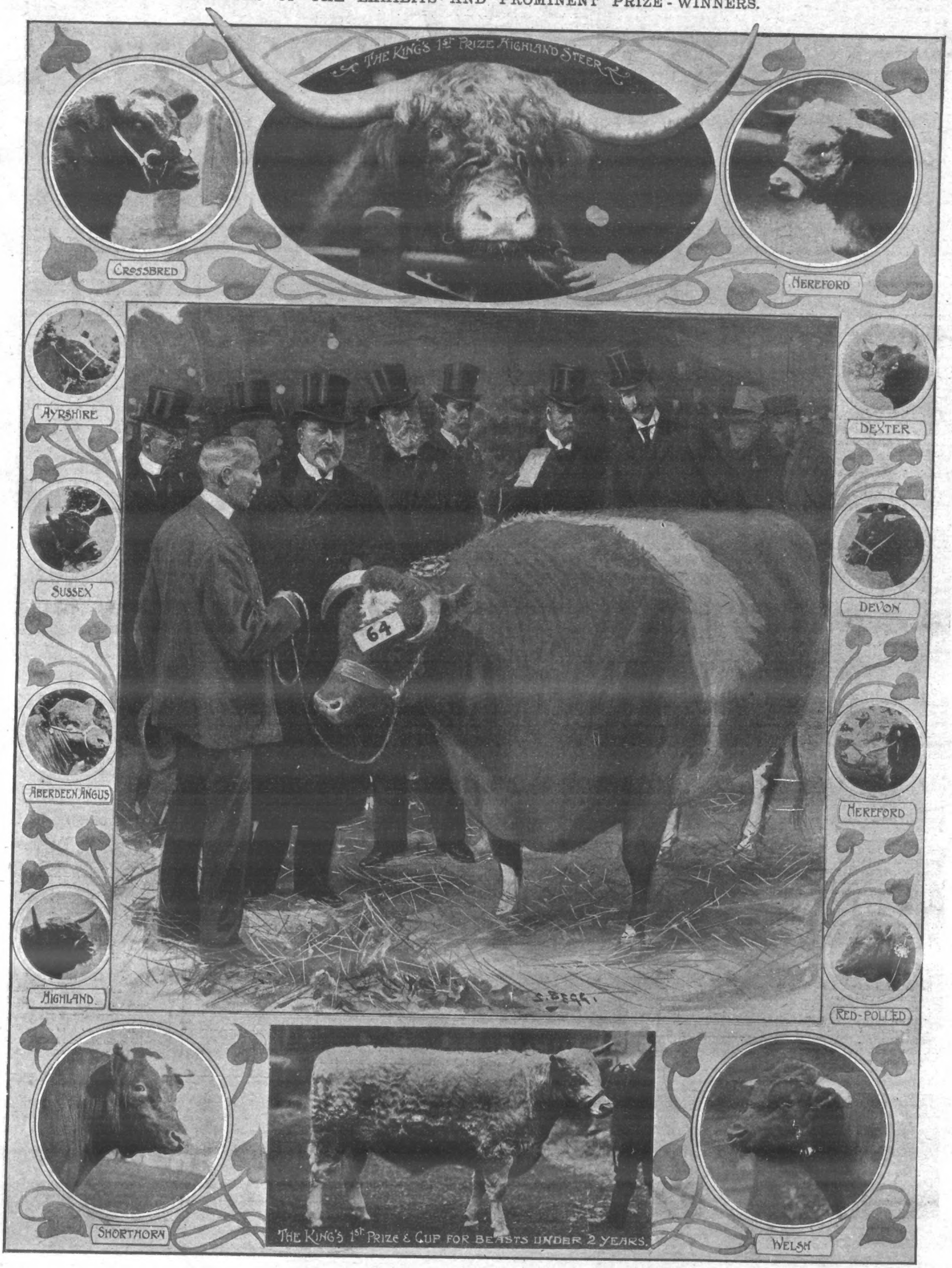
"We are arranging again this year to give ten thousand Christmas dinners to unemployed but respectable suffering poor of East London, in their own homes, and feel sure that your readers

DON'T EXPERIMENT WITH A COUGH, it's dangerous. You cannot improve upon the best Cough Remedy, KEATING'S LOZENGES. Get a box at once from the chemist, and you will find them speedy in giving relief and certain to cure. The most delicate can take them. Sold in 1¾d. tins.—[ADVT.]

WOOLWICH ARSENAL v. BIRMINGHAM.
A dangerous Arsenal rush stopped near the Birmingham goal.

TWO KINGS VISIT THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CHRISTMAS CATTLE SHOW:

TYPES OF THE EXHIBITS AND PROMINENT PRIZE-WINNERS.



On December 9 the King, in the character of the first farmer of the realm, paid his usual visit to the Smithfield Club's Fat Stock Show. His Majesty was accompanied by the King of Norway and the Prince of Wales, and had the satisfaction of learning that the judges had awarded many first prizes to the exhibits from his Majesty's own farms. The names (from left to right) are Sir Walter Gilbey, Duke of Richmond, the King, Prince Christian, Lord Carrington, Prince of Wales, King Haakon. On the left is Mr. Peter Dunn, exhibitor of "Gentleman John," the best beast in the show, winner of the Champion Plate of one hundred guineas.

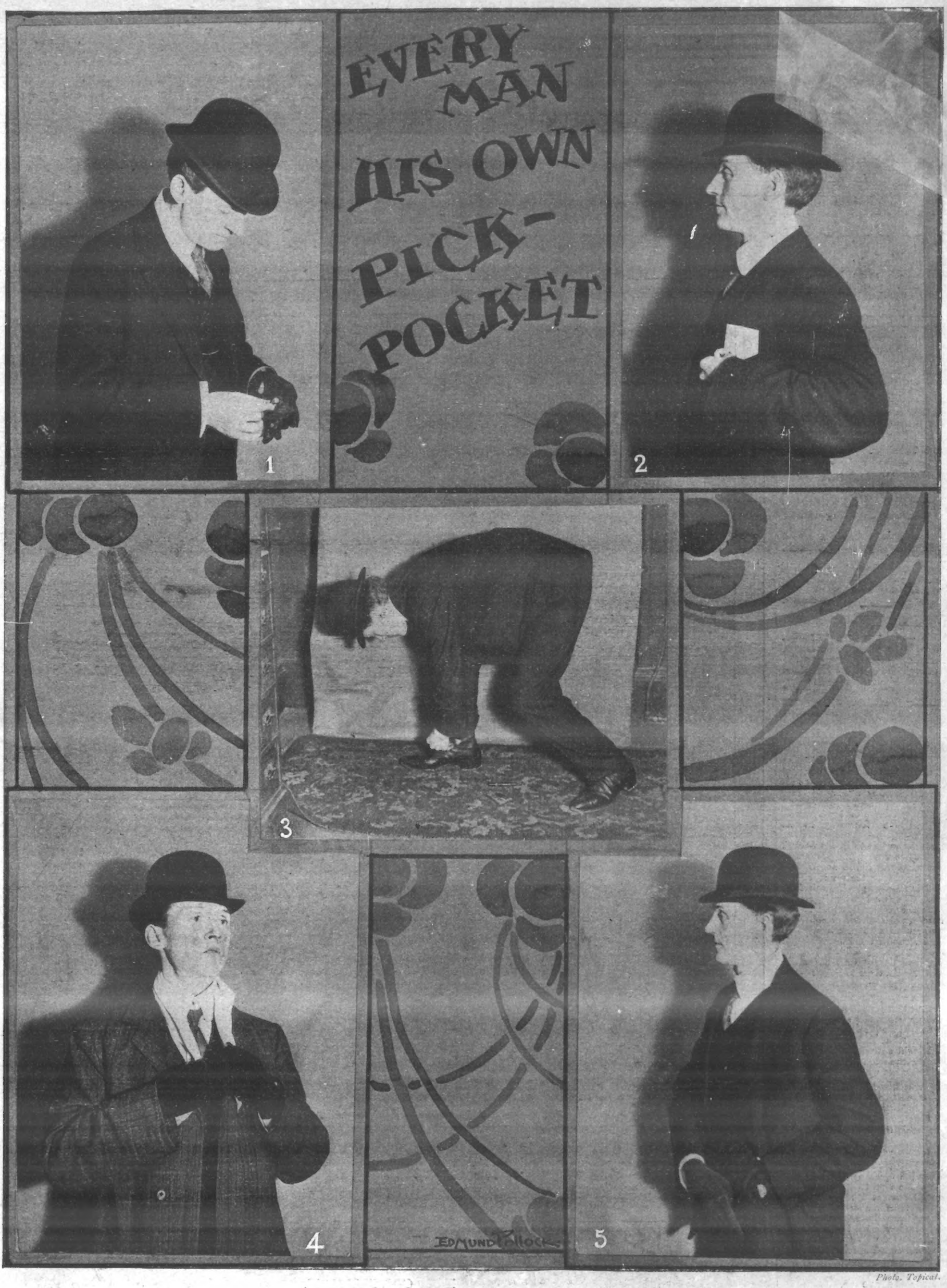
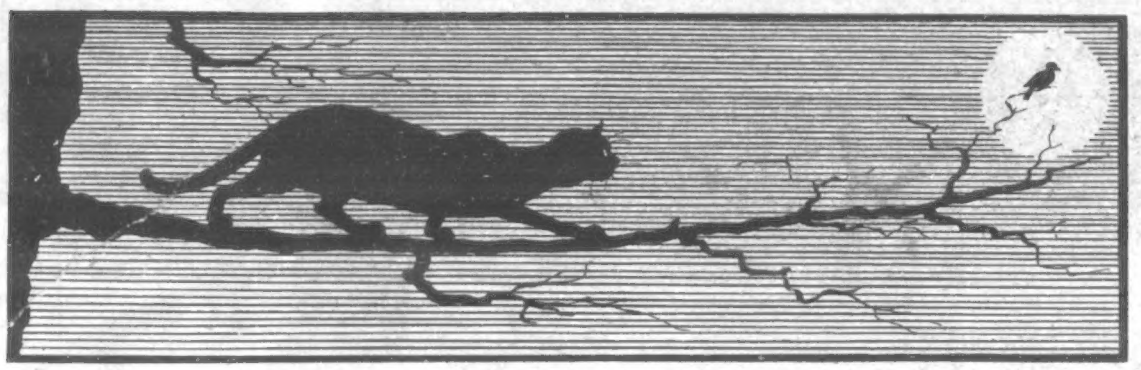


Photo. Topical.

The workings of the pickpocket are feared by every man and woman living in big cities, but few realise how often what they believe to be a theft is the outcome of their own carelessness. We have endeavoured in our photographs to show some of the various ways in which personal property may be lost. 1.—In pulling off a glove, a ring may come off in a finger and be dropped later. 2.—A valuable letter, often imagined to have been stolen, remains in the pocket of a disused coat. 3.—In stooping down, a matchbox, pencil, or a cigar case often fall out. 4.—More than one valuable scarf-pin has been lost by pulling it out when removing a scarf. 5.—A gloved hand will frequently cause the loss of coins.



HUMOUR OF THE WEEK.

To Warn Him off

"I have seen many fantastic and humorous advertisements in newspapers during my somewhat lengthy career," once said a well-known orator, in an address to a conference of journalists, "but quite the most interesting and oddest of these was an advertisement that I chanced upon in London. It was printed in the staid old 'Times,' and, as I remember it, ran something like this:—

"'A young gentleman who is on the point of getting married is most desirous of meeting a man of experience who will take the responsibility of dissuading him from this dangerous step.'"—*Tit-Bits.*

A Good Teacher.

The manager of an engineering works engaged a youth fresh from school, and gave instructions to the foreman to instruct him to his duties. A few days afterwards the manager inquired whether the new hand was progressing with his work.

The foreman, who had not agreed very well with the youth in question, angrily exclaimed:

"Progressing! Thor's been a lot of progress. Aa've larnt him iverything aa knaa, an' noo he knaas nowt!"

—*Chums.*

Nonplussed.

Harold: "That is Bessler, the famous inventor of the triple-expansion engine, the automatic double-back-action-reversible-rapid-fire gun, the compound electro-heated dynamo, the——"

Rupert: "But he looks distracted."

Harold: "Yes; he can't invent a plausible excuse to give his wife for being late."

Couldn't Stand That.

A certain tradesman, prompted by an article he read recently on the subject of collecting accounts, declares that more is to be accomplished by a dunning letter couched in good-natured language than one breathing threats in harsh words, and relates the following as an illustration:—

"It was our custom to let a new clerk occupy his spare time writing letters to slow customers. A clerk's merits were measured largely by the result of this work. Up in M—— we had a particularly bad case. It was a bill for £5 against a man named William Rose. It had long been considered a bad debt, but every now and then we gave it a whirl.

"Finally, one day, the last clerk put on, a bright young fellow, laid the following lines on my desk and asked permission to post them to Rose:—

Oh, William Rose, oh, fragrant rose,
Yourself it is who surely knows
Unsettled bills are bad.
They soil our books, they spoil our looks,
And make the heart grow sad.
So, William Rose, feel in your clothes,
And find five sovereigns there.
The goods were sold in days of old,
Before we had white hair.

"They were forwarded, and within a week the man sent the money, explaining that he had always intended to pay the account some time, but could hold out no longer against such a demand."

—*Tit-Bits.*

Not an Upright Judge.

A certain judge, while passing through the scene of the recent Irish riots, had a large stone thrown at his head, but, as he happened to be in a stooping position at the time, it passed over him.

"You see," said he, addressing his friends afterwards, "how fortunate it is that upon occasions I am not an upright judge!"

'Tis their Nature to.

A writer, who has evidently brought up a family, sagely remarks that a boy who will yell like a Tartar if a drop of water gets on his shirt-band when his neck is being washed, will crawl through a sewer after a ball and think nothing of it.

Why he Fought.

Magistrate: "Pat Murphy, the constable says you were fighting. What have you to say for yourself?"

Pat Murphy: "Well your worship Oi had a clean white shirt on, an' Oi was so moighty proud av it that Oi got up a bit av a row wid a man so as Oi cud take me coat an' wescot off and show it."

—*Tit-Bits.*

Just what they Wanted.

"Well, brothers," said the sombre-visaged man, rising in their midst, "this is my first attendance, but I am a Socialist almost by nature, and I think I can understand, from the previous speakers, what you want. In the first place, you want a realm where everyone has to be good by law."

"We do! we do!" cried half-a-dozen long-haired young men in turn-down collars.

The speaker continued: "Where food and clothing give no trouble, and money does not exist."

"That's it! That's what we want."

"Where everyone goes to worship on Sunday, and regular hours are kept, week in, week out."

"Yes that's it!"

"Well, I myself have just come from such a place——"

"Where? What's it called?"

"It's a place called prison," he said, and resumed his seat.—*Tit-Bits.*

His Creditor.

Customer: "This is a splendid suit of clothes you've made. Its a credit to you."

Tailor: "I'm glad you are pleased, sir, but I hope you will remember that if it is a credit to me, it's a debit to you."—*Penny Magazine.*

HIS CONCLUSION.

THE FRIEND (to erratic driver who has lost his way: "We had better go straight on, I think; we must have been up that road before.'

THE ERRATIC DRIVER: "What makes you think that?"

THE FRIEND: "Those men up there; they look as if they 're burying something."

THE SKELETON CUPBOARD

THE ADVENTURES OF BRANDON BARR, SOLICITOR.

By Henry T. Johnson, Author of "Miss Desperado," "With This Ring," etc.

No. VII.—A DISGRACE TO HIS FAMILY.

THE telephone purred, and a junior clerk informed Brandon Barr that the Earl and Countess of Clangower desired to see him on a matter of most urgent importance. He closed a cabinet door hastily, then chuckled. "Send them in."

A moment later, with an immense flutter of silks and brocades, her stately ladyship sailed into the sanctum, followed by her dignified lord. The latter, seating himself, placed the tips of his fingers together, heaved a volcanic sigh, and uttered a preparatory cough.

But her ladyship, raising her tortoise-shell pince-nez stick, said, "No, Francis, I will explain to Mr. Barr." And accordingly, in her high-pitched aristocratic voice, she began.

"Mr. Barr, a calamity, I may say a catastrophe, has happened; one so stupendous that I am confident you will never guess its nature."

"On the contrary, I think I know all about it, that is, if it concerns Lord Glenavon."

The Earl lifted his bushy grey eyebrows, the Countess let fall her dimpled double chin. "Really!" exclaimed the latter, "is the bad news broadcast so soon?"

And an interchanged glance between Earl and Countess told their mutual amazement at Barr's nonchalance. Indeed, it was in a distinctly protesting tone the Earl asked: "Are you quite sure, Mr. Barr, that you are aware of the subject-matter of our call? I can hardly imagine that you quite realise its significance."

For answer Barr passed across the table the current week's *Sketch*, containing a full page picture with for underline—"Miss Topsy Arter, the variety star, who is shortly to become Viscountess Glenavon. She excels in——"

The Earl dropped the number on the table with a groan. "Mr. Barr," he said, "this act of madness must be frustrated."

Barr, knowing the man, could not help experiencing some slight feeling of malicious amusement.

He doubted if a more bigoted, stiffnecked person than Lord Clangower existed in or out of the peerage. Gloomily Calvinistic, arrogant in his narrow-mindedness, he regarded all men, women, and matters associated with the world of amusement as pertaining to the devil. The Countess shared and intensified her husband's views, albeit she perfectly devoted her life to the wellbeing of the world about her according to her lights, impressing on all around her the bounden duty of living this life in an atmosphere of gloom, in order to escape an eternity in an atmosphere of sulphur. Nor had Barr been the least surprised when their son and heir, emancipated from the oppressive environment of Glenavon Castle, kept first Oxford, then the West End humming with his eccentricities, extravagances, and excesses.

"Something must be done," the Earl went on. "And something shall be done. I could forgive the young ingrate his gambling, his drinking, his mad escapades, even his entanglement, but—his marriage with a creature of this sort I will neither forgive nor suffer."

"I see," said Barr quietly, "it's his marrying the girl you object to. If it were a matter of ruining her and throwing her over it wouldn't matter."

"That sort of thing could be—well—ah! made amends for."

Barr was rather sorry the Countess was present; he would have liked to speak out.

"What do you propose to do?" he asked. "Glenavon is of age."

"Sooner than let him marry this woman," said the Earl passionately, "I'd have him put under restraint."

Barr shrugged his shoulders. "That sort of thing isn't done nowadays, Lord Clangower." And he looked significantly at his watch.

"Well, then, the woman must be bought off," said the Earl, with a twinge, for he was notoriously canny. "I—I—suppose a matter of a few hundreds would work wonders?"

Barr smiled. "My dear Lord Clangower," he said, "perhaps you are not aware that this lady's engagements bring her in £250 a week."

"Is it possible!" groaned the Earl and Countess together. "What does she do for it?"

And Barr, who was rather enjoying it, went on: "She impersonates Cockney coster girls, laundry girls, renders their quaint accent, their native wit, their abandon, and their wonderful ways, to the very life."

The Earl and Countess groaned.

"And the extraordinary thing of it is," said Barr, "that it is the West End people who go wild over her work, and crowd the stalls and boxes to applaud her. And do you know that in private life she is as refined, as cultured, and generally as charming a person as one would desire to meet?"

"I am not here to discuss her attributes," said the Earl; "I am here to save my son."

"Then," said Mr. Barr frankly, "my advice is this. If you wish to save him from the horde of harpies, male and female, who have him in their clutches, the card-sharpers, racing men, money-lenders, the vultures who live and fatten on the follies of gilded youth, you will—let him marry Topsy Arter."

"My dear," said the Earl, springing up and shaking with rage, "we will not waste another moment in consultation with—this gentleman."

"As you please, Sir," said Barr, with quiet dignity.

And they swept out of the room.

And, as the door closed behind them, Barr touched the catch of that huge cabinet, apparently serving as a press for documents, a door opened, and out stepped Miss Topsy Arter.

"What did I tell you?" she said. "Brandon Barr, it's impossible, I must break off with Archie."

"And if you do, Archibald Colquhoun Menzies Muir, commonly called by courtesy, Viscount Glenavon, will promptly and expeditiously go to the devil," said Barr.

"I don't know," she sighed. "But just think of it, think of him married to me, and his own father and mother flinging him from them, their very love for him turning to hate, and he perhaps in time, and all their people, their set, their family, taking their cue from them, till at last Archie himself would begin to tire of it all, and to tire of me. And besides, haven't I got my pride? I tell you what I am going to do. I'm going to break it off, not Archie."

"You're going to break his heart and yours?" said Barr. "Topsy Arter, don't. He'll never let you. I wouldn't in his place."

The girl put two exquisitely gloved hands on his shoulders, and with her radiant face upturned to the deep-set eyes and granite features, she said, "Brandon Barr, it's popular fallacy that you, with twice as much brains as your fellow-men, haven't a heart at all, but something in its place, ice-cold and hard as marble. I know better; I believe you're a dear, old, sentimental duffer."

"You'll never get rid of Archie. He'll never let you break your own dear, golden heart," said Barr.

"Yes, he will; and I'll tell you how," said Topsy. "I went to see Wyndham last night in 'David Garrick,' and I got an idea. You know the situation, where Garrick, to cure the purse-proud actor and stage loathing old alderman's daughter of her infatuation for himself, plays off the stage and at the old man's table a part—a drunken part. Isn't Wyndham great in it? Well, that gave me a notion, and don't you forget it. Now, good-bye. They — they shan't say — I — I dragged her boy down."

Beside the squalid pallet knelt a woman, exquisitely arrayed, holding the emaciated hand, stroking the glistening, feverish brow.

Game as a pebble, she wouldn't break down even before such a pal as Brandon Barr; but, as she dashed through the green-baize door, she had her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Topsy! Topsy!" he called. But she had flown. Mechanically he took up the Earl of Clangower's card.

"Of all the damned old fools!" he said.

Next day all the clubs were talking of the goings-on of Topsy Arter at the Fancy Dress Ball. People said they never would have dreamt it. They thought Topsy was too level-headed a girl to give herself away like that; above all, they never dreamed that she would have taken to lifting her elbow.

But there it was: she had palpably taken too much champagne at supper, and she carried it very badly. And she was so obstinate: she not only would not save the situation herself, she wouldn't let her pals save it. And when Floria Marchesi saw how wild Archie was getting at her insisting on changing hats with him as they were leaving the Savoy for Covent Garden, it was rather too bad to ask him in front of the crowd to hold her rags while she tore the bloomin' Italiano's hair out. And when it came to challenging Denise Maitland to high kicking for a magnum—well, nobody wondered why Lord Glenavon went home.

. . . . .

"My dear," said Lord Clangower to his Countess a few days later, "I call this an interposition of Providence to save our boy. We really ought to be quite obliged to that creature for showing her real nature in time to save him."

"I—I don't know; I'm trying to think so," said the Countess, "only somehow I can't shake off the strange presentiment, a strange dread that somehow I can't help feeling sorry for that poor girl."

"I can't say that I am perturbed by any particular sympathy for that abandoned creature," said the Earl.

The Countess answered: "I can't think of her as being all bad when I know how my boy loved her."

It perplexed them to read every now and then a little later on of the still higher pinnacles attained by Miss Topsy Arter, artistic, social and otherwise. She was to appear on the legitimate stage; someone had written a play round her. Strangely enough, too, they began to see her name included among the guests of importance at social functions. The play appeared; Topsy Arter scored a gigantic success, and the papers had more to say concerning her than ever.

Not that the Clangowers went to see that play or any other. Only somehow they followed with interest every item heard or read by them concerning the girl from whom they had saved their son.

Their son, who had of late wrung their hearts indeed, who had gone from bad to worse; who, released from "the yoke and burden of that entanglement," as they called it, instead of evincing gratitude by reformation, rushed at redoubled speed down the steep of gaming, extravagance, drink, and debt into the abyss of bankruptcy and social ostracism.

Stormy interviews succeeded each other, till one desperate night, the old Earl, rising in his wrath, ordered his retainers to eject his son and heir by force, if need be, from his door.

For the first time on record they refrained from obedience, for, with all his faults, they loved the lad. The old butler, however, coaxed him to go quietly, and begged of him not to return until "my Lord had simmered down."

"I'm going," said Glenavon. "I'm going where he bade me—to the devil!" And out he went into the night, half-drunk, half-mad, penniless, bankrupt—a peer of the realm in future, none the less an outcast.

Then came a space during which they heard nothing of him, except that his disappearance became the theme of comment of various journals who speculated on him forming an addition to the list of titled men merging into the ranks.

Meantime, they continued to hear still more concerning Miss Topsy Arter; once or twice saw her driving in the Park, and noted her handsome turn-out. She heard, to their amazement, that quite a number of other boys with older titles than Glenavon, and with immeasurably greater fortunes, were dying to lay their coronets, careers, and hearts at the feet of this girl from whom they had rescued their boy—their lost boy.

Humbly, repentantly, the Countess sought Brandon Barr. "You were right; we were wrong," she said. "The Earl insulted you; but I ask you to forgive us. The legal adviser of our

(Continued on page 415.)

"MOVED ON!" THE CHRISTMAS HAWKERS' NEW "PITCH" IN HOLBORN.

BRISK BUSINESS IN THE PENNY NOVELTY MARKET.

Until this year one of the great sights of Christmas in London has been the phalanx of hawkers standing shoulder to shoulder in Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's Churchyard, crying the latest penny novelties in toys. The Commissioner of the City Police, however, has decreed that these interesting merchants must move on, and they have found a new place in Holborn, where they seem to be driving as brisk a trade as ever. The chief exhibit this year is a toy called the "Galloping Major," named after the popular song.

THE SKELETON CUPBOARD.

(*Continued from page 411.*)

house for years, we look to you to help us, to find our own, if possible to reclaim our son."

Barr set agents to work, and every now and then Glenavon was traced, then lost sight of, then found again, and lost again in the Army ranks, later discharged; then, in an assumed name, haunting the racecourses and billiard-rooms. They sent for him, wrote to him, offering him a fresh start if he would come back, but still the answer came, "No! no! no!" Later news came of him as dwelling in an East End lodging-house—of his illness.

The Countess once again sought Brandon Barr, once again accompanied by her husband.

"He must be removed from that awful place," she said. "He must be snatched from that awful environment, if even by force."

Once again the lawyer reminded them of the sacred "liberty of the subject," which is so often the excuse for idiocies.

"Mr. Barr," sobbed the Countess, "I realise now that only one person in the world could save our Archibald—she from whom we, thinking to save him, parted him. We were justified, as events proved, but I am convinced that even that mésalliance would have been less awful than what has happened."

Then Barr told them the truth—how Topsy Arter had played a part to break her own heart for pride's sake, and that they should not say she had fooled their boy.

"Mr. Barr," cried the Countess, "take me to her, that on my bended knees I may ask her pardon and beseech her to aid me to save my son."

"Yes, Barr; for God's sake, help us—ask her to help us. I—I know I was hard to him: but I loved him—he was our only one."

Barr looked at his watch. It was four o'clock, just when he knew Topsy took afternoon tea prior to dressing for the evening's show. He drove with the Countess direct to her flat.

To their bitter disappointment she was out, but the maid admitted them for Barr to write an urgent note requesting a speedy appointment. The Countess meantime with amazement scanned the pictures, china, engravings, the elegant and refined environment of this music-hall person from whom she had saved her son.

"And now," said Barr, "we will take a bold step. Glenavon must not be left in his condition in the awful place where I have ascertained he is lying. I am in this instance at one with his father, and prepared to disrespect the liberty of the subject in order to get him away."

"Mr. Barr, you are a dear friend as well as a wise adviser," said the Countess, her tears raining on his hand as the cab wound its way through a labyrinth of squalid East End streets—streets littered with refuse, crowded with hulking men, slattern women, awful blaspheming children, streets with doorless, windowless houses. At last they reached a door beneath a lamp inscribed "Beds for Men."

Barr inquired of a blousy female for Mr. Menzies, the name by which he had ascertained Lord Glenavon was passing. She directed them to proceed to the top floor, then called across the street to a neighbour—"Blimy! my toff lodger's havin' a reg'ler levy to-d'y. I'm goin' to tap some of 'em for his two weeks' rent an' corn bill 'fore they goes. What ho!" And the lady from across the way replied, "Not 'arf. If he's goin' to snuff it I should get 'im orf to the infirmerary."

Reaching the top of the filthy, reeking, creaking staircase they knocked at a door. "Come in," moaned a feeble voice, and the mother's heart broke in a sob; it was the voice of him to whom she had given suck. She flew into the room, followed by Brandon Barr.

Then halted amazed. Beside the squalid pallet knelt a woman, exquisitely arrayed, holding the emaciated hand, stroking the glistening, feverish brow.

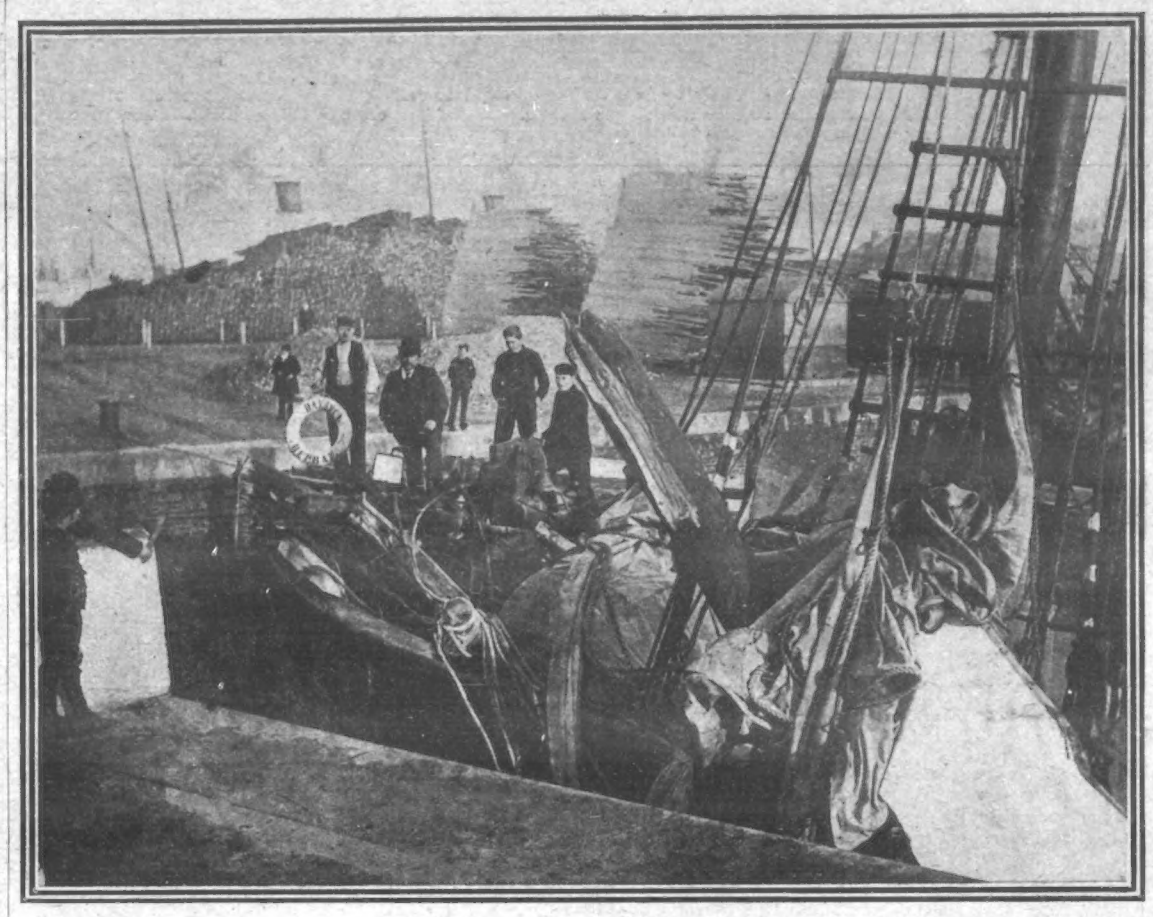
"You!" she cried. "You, too, have come to save him. You will! You will! His mother implores you on her knees."

And the two, in each other's arms, mingled their tears.

It was Topsy Arter who prevailed on Glenavon, whose whereabouts she had only that day ascertained, to let them remove him at once to fitter surroundings. It was she who, day by day and night by night after her engagements nursed him back to convalescence.

She it was who won him back to a life worth living—to the regard of his fellows and of his order—to a life so reformed that his father paid off his debts, annulled his bankruptcy, and set him on his legs.

It was she who, at the entreaty of the Earl and Countess of Clangower, became after all Viscountess Glenavon, and thus completed the Rescue.



SERIOUS COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL.

The bows of the Russian schooner "Paulus" after the collision in the Channel with a Penzance steamer.

FLOODED ENGLAND: SCENES IN THE THAMES DISTRICT.

A party of Eton boys being punted across the flooded Brocas, the fields on the Eton side of the river.

A desirable villa residence IN the River Thames.

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

FOR country wear during the Christmas holidays nothing is nicer or more suitable than one of the new pretty blurred plaids. The effect is so very soft, and becoming alike to the face and figure, there being no pronounced pattern, and the colouring being equally subdued—green and mauve, blue and brown, red and green are among the most attractive combinations—that a costume of this description, surmounted by the latest thing in toques, would be an acquisition to any wardrobe. The latest innovation where the toque hat is concerned is to have it very soft and comfortable, to fit well on the head, something in Tam-o'-Shanter style.

New Blurred Plaids.

Filet lace has obtained a tremendous vogue, and can be bought now in pink and blue and other colours, besides white. It is by no means expensive, either as a fabric or as a trimming; and in the case of the latter a little ingenuity will idealise it almost out of recognition. Imagine a broad band of filet lace used as insertion on skirt or bodice and heavily outlined with gold or silver braid, and with raised marguerites embroidered in between. This would be quite simple to do, as the petals of the marguerites need only be outlined, and the braid, caught down by a needle threaded with silk, being worked on the same principle as ribbon-work. In fact, a ribbon embroidery would look charming in connection with a yoke of filet lace; but on the whole a glimpse of gold or silver takes the palm just now, as far as fashion is concerned. A conventional pattern also looks extremely well embroidered upon a border of filet lace, the Greek key pattern, or any square design, being most successful. Tuckers of tinsel thread lace, obtainable either in gold or silver, also bear testimony to the popularity of this form of ornamentation for evening wear. Gold and silver lace can also be bought in narrow widths, and, judiciously used, certainly imparts an air of elegance to an otherwise simple toilette.

The Possibilities of Filet Lace.

Tulle tuckers, price 2s. 11½d., are a useful investment for little evening bodices, especially home-made ones, as generally a little difficulty is experienced in making these fit trim and taut. The tucker does away with any anxiety on that account, as it is threaded with a draw-string which will pull up as desired. A novelty for a day blouse is a tie with a velvet slide, and ends finished off with chenille balls. It is a narrow tie, made in all colours, and is simply passed round the neck, and the ends slipped through the slide. The slide can be adjusted high or low, at the angle which best suits the pattern of the blouse. The tie-ends are, of course, left long or short accordingly.

Dainty Accessories.

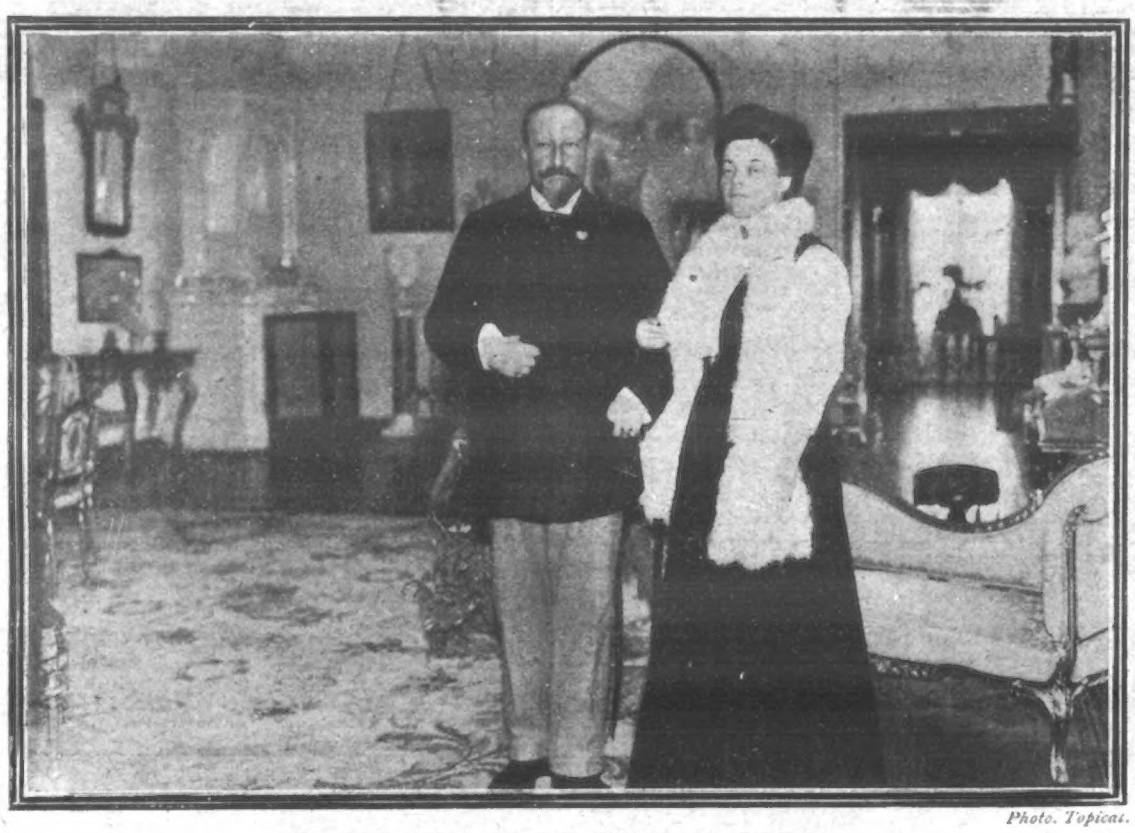

Photo. Topical.

THE BETROTHAL OF THE PRINCE OF BULGARIA.

The Prince of Bulgaria and Princess Eleonore of Reuss, to whom he is engaged. This photograph was taken in the room immediately after the formal betrothal took place.

An excellent gargle for the throat consists of common salt and water. Dissolve the salt in the water, and gargle the throat with it, gargling as far back in the throat as possible. Begin with a weak solution, and increase the strength gradually—that is to say, add a little more salt each time until a really strong gargle is obtained. Persons with weak throats will find much benefit by making this a daily practice, and the throat will become greatly strengthened. Even a little salt put into the tooth water, and the mouth rinsed out with it afterwards, will be an aid towards strengthening the throat. Warm salt and water sniffed up the nose, so that it passes into the throat and out of the mouth, is an excellent method of clearing any obstruction. A weak solution is best at first, as otherwise the salt causes a smarting sensation.

Gargle for Weak Throat.

Even the woman who does not go in for scent and scorns perfumes has not a word to say on the subject of Eau-de-Cologne. Little bottles, price 1s., of the well-known No. 4711, with the blue-and-gold label, make a welcome accessory to the toilet-table of the working woman no less than the lady of fashion. It is by no means a bad plan to add a very tiny bottle of Eau-de-Cologne to the contents of the vanity-bag, as a little refreshing often proves a valuable boon.

An Inexpensive Present.

The Childrens Corner

THE OLD CABBAGE LADY.

By NELLIE POLLOCK.

THE old Cabbage Lady kept her stall just at the corner of the little narrow road where Billy lived. She was a very rosy-faced old dame, and when Billy passed her on windy mornings on his way to school, her pleasant old face always reminded him of one of the red, smooth apples that she sometimes displayed in a corner of her barrow.

Now, between this old woman and Billy there had sprung up a very firm friendship. I think it really began in this way.

One day when Billy was passing her stall, there came rushing by a string of rough ill-mannered boys, and as they came near the barrow, they jolted into it noisily, and sent some of the splendid, merry-looking cabbages bumping and rolling in the dust. Oh, to see those delicious bright green balls tumbling in the dusty road fired our little hero with indignation, so after turning and casting a not very amiable look after the mischievous little ragamuffins as they rushed helter skelter down the street, Billy manfully set to and gathered up the fine cabbages from their dusty bed in the road, and replaced them side by side on the barrow, feeling as he did so a strange little thrill of pride to see them once more restored to their place of honour.

"Oh, thank you my dear—you're a good little man" said the old lady wrinkling up her face with pleasure. "Now you shall have one of my nice rosy apples" and taking the finest out of a basket she kept beneath her stall, she smilingly presented it to Billy, whose chubby round face flushed as bright as the glowing fruit he held in his hand.

From that day forward, Billy had stopped every day on his way to school to have a little chat with the old Cabbage Lady, who sat on her wooden box by the side of the stall in wind or rain, sunshine or shower—looking for ever a-smiling and happy, and always delighted to have a pleasant little chatter with her little champion Billy.

Gradually he got to grow quite fond of those fine green cabbages, and if he was too early for school of an' afternoon, he would stop and count them, placing a brown little finger on each smooth, crinkled leaf, and taking delight in reckoning up the value of the old lady's stock-in-trade.

"Fifteen big'uns—and ten little'uns" said Billy one afternoon, as he stood up on the old woman's box and smiled down at her from his perch.

"Now, my little man, how much does that make?" she asked, peering up at him pleasantly with her bright brown eyes. "Three ha'pence each the big'uns and a penny each the little'uns" she said, keeping company with Billy in his strange mode of speech.

Then Billy set to, and with ten brown fingers called into play, and a broad sunkissed brow puckered into a hundred little folds, he worked out the cabbage problem.

"One and ten-pence ha'penny the big'uns, and ten-pence the little'uns: I've got it—I've got it," he cried clapping his hands together and setting the cabbages merrily frolicking and capering about on the stall. "Two shillings and eight-pence ha'penny."

"Well I declare—if you ain't a smart little feller," exclaimed the Cabbage Lady, taking off her crooked spectacles and peering up at Billy in astonishment, "Why, you got it before I did myself," she said in a tone of admiration.

"Yes" announced Billy with a little thrill of pride, "I'm top at school for sums."

"Well, well, well. Ah! there goes the bell: you'll be late. Now here's a nice apple for you and run off quick," and throwing an apple across to Billy, she stood and strained her eyes after him as he sped swiftly down the road, turning now and again to wave his cap to her.

To Billy, the cabbages on that dear old barrow were something more than the vegetables that he watched Mother cut up and pop into the pot of boiling water. Oh yes, the cabbages that belonged to his little old lady were wonderful things—of that Billy was convinced. Perhaps, right in the very middle of each cabbage there lived a beautiful little green lady—there surely must be someone inside them, for sometimes they bounced and capered about in the barrow just as if there was a very mischievous little sprite inside. When Billy watched Mother cut up the cabbages on Sunday, he loved to sit and stare right into the pale-yellow crinkled part in the very centre of the cabbage—and one day he almost—almost saw the Fairy. Just as he was *really* going to see it Mother caught it up and popped it in the pot. Then Billy gave a little scream.

"Oh, oh!" he gasped, in a half whisper, "Why, Mother, you'll boil the Fairy," and the next minute he gave a little laugh of delight as he saw the cabbage rising and bubbling in the water while Mother beat it down with the wooden spoon.

Then Billy gave another gasp—for Mother was beating the Fairy most likely.

"What's the matter, Billy?" asked mother looking over at her little son, as he sat gazing, with open eyes and mouth, at the bubbling pot on the hob.

"Why—why—" began Billy, then he remembered in time, and clapped his hands over his mouth, for he wouldn't tell his secret about the cabbage fairies to anyone—no, not anyone at all, so he got up and ran round and round the garden and wondered if the cabbage fairy was crying as she tumbled about in the boiling water.

One day—oh it was a lovely, bright, fresh, windy, dry, clean, happy day—it was Billy's birthday. When he awoke h sprang out of bed and just gave a little, loud joyous laugh of delight, and, jumping up, he danced over to the window and whispered it to a little brown bird that was perched on the ledge. Then he dressed quickly and hurried down.

"Good-morning, little friend," said the old lady, smiling, as Billy rushed up to her, his cheeks rosy and flushed from the kisses of the wind, and his eyes dancing with delight.

"It's my birthday—a real, real birthday—and I'm not going to school this afternoon," he cried, throwing up his cap and catching it. "Isn't it fine? Do you have a birthday?"

"No; I never have birthdays, you funny little chap," said the old lady, and the smile died out of her bright brown eyes, and her smooth, apple cheeks didn't look quite so happy and gay as usual.

Billy didn't quite know what to reply, so he stood and looked at her.

"There, run away, and get home from school quickly," said the Cabbage Lady, and waving his hand merrily to her Billy skipped off down the road.

When half-past twelve came he hurried out of school, and set off to chat to his Cabbage Lady; but lo! and behold! she had gone—gone!—for the first time since Billy could remember. She wasn't there, and a funny feeling seemed to creep all over him. Then he hurried home with a very thoughtful, sad little face.

"Come along, Billy, hurry up," said Mother with a smile, as she patted his rough, wind-tossed hair. "Dinner 's ready."

So Billy sat down to dinner and tried to eat his meat and potatoes, but there, he couldn't, for all the time he was saying to himself—

"Where 's my Cabbage Lady—I wonder where she is?"

Bang! bang! A knock at the door!

Up sprang Billy, and pattered along the tiny narrow passage, opened the door—and—and there, standing on the step, was his Cabbage Lady. "There, little man," she said, placing a great, round, smiling cabbage in Billy's arms, "take that for your birthday present—and take care of the Fairy inside it. I've sold all my cabbages now, Billy, and you won't see me any more, for I'm going away to live in the country. I've saved up quite a lot of money now — and it was all through the cabbages," and with a beaming smile on her wrinkled, bright old face she nodded to him and, trotting away down the road, turned the corner; and that was the last Billy ever saw of his Cabbage Lady.

He stood still for a moment, not quite sure whether it was all a dream. Never again to see his dear old Cabbage Lady! But then he remembered that she would be comfortable and happy now, for she need never again sit on her box while the rain pelted down on her old red shawl.

"Come, Billy," called his mother, as Billy ran down the passage into the kitchen. "What have you got there?" she asked, with a start of surprise.

"Oh—oh, do be careful Mother," he said with a little gasp, as his mother took the cabbage out of his hands—"there's a Fairy inside," and going over to the table he placed it down carefully, and spread out its pale lovely green leaves. Oh, oh! There was a fairy—not a green one, but a yellow fairy! Billy stepped back from the table and clapped his hand over his eyes, to see if it was *really* a dream, for there, buried in the green, crumpled leaves of the cabbage, was a small shining piece of gold—the old Cabbage Lady's birthday gift. The cabbage Fairy had grown half-a-sovereign right down deep, deep in the cabbage—and from that day to this Billy firmly believes that there dwells in the heart of every fresh, sweet cabbage a real little fairy of good fortune.

"IT'S MY BIRTHDAY—AND I'M NOT GOING TO SCHOOL THIS AFTERNOON."

"P.I.P." FARMER AND GARDENER.

DEC. 21 TO 27.—Christmas Week ought to provide time for the backward amateur to catch up his arrears of work and put his garden in good order for the New Year. Flower-beds may be carefully tidied up and forked over; the lawn may be swept and rolled if the weather be open; paths may be weeded and relaid; trellis, fences, and other woodwork may be repaired; shrubs may be trimmed and moved into fresh positions if necessary, and so on. Strictly speaking, it is latish for bulbs, but not altogether too late for planting, particularly in light, friable soils. Then there is manure to be wheeled on to the ground, climbers to be tied up, roses to be staked, and what not besides. Indeed, given good conditions, the amateur may well make his plot shipshape during the coming week. I am afraid my own plans are chiefly taken up with seasonable festivities, but the brisk exercise of winter digging and trenching and manuring I am certain to find irresistible. Then, if there is any sign of hard, black frost, I shall be lightly covering with litter the few misguided bulbs that the mild autumn has enticed through the ground. I am also going to do a little turfing, unless we get frost or snow, and I shall be planting a few hardy shrubs and trees. Though we only meet through these columns, it is my earnest wish to be the true friend of all *P.I.P.* gardeners and poultry-fanciers. May I, therefore, in all sincerity, extend a friendly hand to wish you all a Merry Christmas—and stunning good crops during 1908?

My Garden Plans.

The present is an excellent time to plant a hedge, and a garden framed in a well-kept evergreen hedge is always smarter and always more sheltered than one bordered with a heavy wooden fence or palings. Privet is perhaps the most common of garden hedging plants, and the oval-leaved (*oralifolium*) is perhaps the best and the quickest grower. Plants 3 ft. high should cost about 6s. for fifty. Golden privet is not such a fast grower, and needs a lot of sun to keep its colour; a dozen good stocky plants would cost 8s. or 10s. Quickthorn is excellent in large kitchen gardens, and 100 18 in. plants may be purchased for 4s. or so. Myrabella plum, thorny, and a grand barrier, grows rapidly, and is becoming more and more popular; serviceable plants may be obtained at 6s. a hundred. Holly takes so long to grow, and costs so much more proportionately, that it is not so popular as the hedging plants named above, and yew comes under the same category, together with box. All these plants are better for having manure placed in the trenches in which they are bedded, and evergreens planted now should not be trimmed or cut till growth has well commenced.

Hedging.

Photo. Nicholls.

"I HEAR THEY WANT MORE BEEF FOR CHRISTMAS!"

If you are so fortunate as to have a broody hen now, give her a sitting of eggs without further delay, and whilst she is doing her duty, do yours by fixing up dry, light accommodation for the youngsters. Of course, if you possess an incubator and foster-mother you will have started operations already. Damp and want of care are the cause of half the casualties of January-hatched chickens. By the way, when the weather is frosty, remember that your birds cannot pick up much for themselves, and you should counteract this by giving them extra rations.

In the Poultry Run.

MY BRIEF REPLIES.

H. H. W.—Indian game fowls stand our winters pretty well, and are very bright and showy in the run. Their greatness lies in their excellence as table birds, and I do not recommend them as layers.

KENNETH SCOTT.—You ought certainly to grow the loganberry, it is an excellent fruit: something between but larger than the raspberry and blackberry. Set the plants to grow over a fence, on espalier wire, over arches, and so on. Plants should be far apart, as they often make 15 ft. of growth in a year.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and will do so through the post direct, when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose. Inquiries should be addressed to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Editorial Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

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